

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

Of his true state.

*Quee.* Did he receiue you well?

*Ros.* Most like a gentleman.

*Guy.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Ros.* Niggard of question, but of our demands  
Most free in his reply.

*Quee.* Did you assay him to any pastime?

*Ros.* Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players  
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,  
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy  
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,  
And as I thinke, they haue already order  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* Tis most true,  
And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties  
To heare and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart,  
And it doth much content me  
To heare him so inclin'd.  
Good gentlemen giue him a futher edge  
And driue his purpose into these delights.

*Ros.* We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Ros. & Gyl.*  
*King.* Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,  
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,  
That he as t'were by accident, may heere  
Affront *Ophelia*; her sather and my selfe,  
Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene,  
We may of their encounter franckely iudge,  
And gather by him as he is behau'd,  
If be th' affliction of his loue or no  
That thus he suffers for.

*Quee.* I shall obey you.  
And for my part *Ophelia*, I doe wish  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues  
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,  
To both your honours.

*Ophe.* Maddam, I wish it may.

*Pol.* *Ophelia*, walke you heere; gracious so please you,

*Prince of Denmarke.*

We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,  
That show of such an exercise may collour  
Your lowlineesse; we are oft too blame in this,  
Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions visage  
And pious action, we doe sugar ore  
The Diuell himselfe.

*King.* O tis too true,  
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience?  
The harlots cheeke beautied with plattring art,  
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,  
Then is my deede to my most painted word:  
O heauy burthen:

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Pol.* I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the question,  
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer  
The slings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing, end them: To die to sleepe  
No more: and by a sleepe, to say we end  
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks  
That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation  
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,  
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, l there's the rub,  
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come?  
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle  
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,  
Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,  
The pangs of office, and the lawes delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurnes  
That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,  
When himselfe might his quietas make  
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,  
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life?  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The vndiscou'd country, from whose borne